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Mrs. Katie Stearly.
No. 1704 S. 19th. St.
Philada.

THE
SHEPHERD OF THE WISSAHICKON,
AND
OTHER POEMS.

BY
JAMES MOORE, M.D.,
AUTHOR OF
THE KIMELIAD, HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION,
KILPATRICK AND OUR CAVALRY, ETC., ETC.

PHILADELPHIA:
1871.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1870,

By JAMES MOORE, M. D.,

In the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

To

MY EXCELLENT FRIEND,

James S. Martin, Esq.,

THIS WORK, INTENDED TO FURTHER THE CAUSE OF
TRUTH, VIRTUE, AND PIETY,
IS APPROPRIATELY DEDICATED AS A MARK OF
AFFECTIONATE ESTEEM,

By the Author.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 1870.

TO THE READER.



The scene is laid by thy romantic stream
And rugged banks, enchanting Wissahickon ;
Place not unfit for fervid poet's dream,
Where oft ideal forms come swarming thick on.
'Tis pleasant there to rove in summer day,
'Tis pleasant also when the leaves are falling,
And some delight in Spring when buds look gay
To wander there, or when hoarse winds are bawling.
Seasons are oft alike whene'er the mind
Is fitly tuned, and the imagination
Can conjure up what scenes they wish to find,
And fancy's creatures for their observation.
Aërial beings still around are flocking,
And spirits good and bad round earth are roving.
Some weep our follies, some are ever mocking,
But all are ever walking, flying, moving.
I've met with people who want facts—the real,
What is most practical, is all their study,
That have no fancy, know not the ideal,
Poring o'er dry statistics till they're muddy.

The same I've seen in the mere dry logician,
 Some business men, some brokers, the fair sex,
 Sometimes at least, and most the politician,
 These all did my poetic fancy vex.
 But if they want a book of facts, I offer
 My truthful History of the Great Rebellion ;
 And ten to one they don't accept the proffer,
 Then turn their features to a deep vermillion ;
 And this because they feel a flush of shame,
 Being caught without idea, never reading,
 I think such people very much to blame,
 Their manners seldom show refined breeding.
 For such my shepherd ne'er will tune his flute,
 His pipe or reed, or howsoe'er you name it ;
 They eat and drink, and for the rest are mute,
 They don't know music, ignorant of the gamut ;
 I don't suit them, they don't suit me, be sure,
 They never gave for work of mine a shilling,
 They'd see me starve because they think me poor ;
 I pass them by respectfully but willing.
 I'm richer than they know, my mind is teeming,
 And learned in lore they neither found nor sought ;
 I'm not unread in men or arts, nor dreaming
 Of fancies ever, and the things of nought,
 For those, and such as those, who late my rhyme
 Both dearly bought and eager read, I write,
 And thank them for their favor many a time,
 And once again their careful thought invite.

Nor if I can will they with *ennui* pine,
 Or unamused let pass a vacant hour,
 The task of deep instruction too is mine,
 My shepherd forth will high in wisdom tower.
 He with his fellow-shepherds will unfold
 What much will teach, for he is sage and witty,
 With *attic salt* combined, and though quite old,
 I trust he'll please the thriving Quaker City.
 I write for man through all this generation ;
 I write for women, these I much admire,
 As good and beautiful, and for each nation,
 Till time shall lapse, and earth consume in fire.
 For truth and virtue in my lays will blend,
 As in the *Iris* fairest colors glow,
 And thoughts will upwards wing ; their goal and end
 Immortal in their source and in their flow.
Theocritus, though fine, is not my model,
 Nor *Virgil*, though melodious his song,
 Nor he who thought a poet needs to toddle
 Half drunk, or whole, if he would get along.
 Some heavenly thoughts from *Moses* I may borrow,
 Illustrious pastor, more than Greek refined,
 Who taught the chosen seed in joy and sorrow,
 With truth sublime to suit immortal mind.
 The staff or crook e'en flocks I'll oft omitting
 The hut—the fold—will take all at their leisure,
 Shepherds who know what is for man most fitting,
 And virtue is of happiness the measure.

Their loves will be refined, as dewdrops pure,
 Their passions curbed, their aspirations high,
No Sylph or Naiad their reason will allure,
 But modest shepherdesses still be by.
No muse will I in thrilling strains invoke,
 Nor ask Apollo to inspire the lay,
Nor fabled monster 'gainst the reason woke,
 For these though read in are not in my way.
No sordid knave will care this book to read,
 Nor wretch all drenched in villainy and crime,
No profligate who never would take heed ;
 But such who know the value of their time.
And such, some thoughts will find that may avail,
 To guide their bark along dark ocean's way,
And cheer in dangers where each cheek is pale,
 And panic like a pall sinks on the gay.

More, Katie Stearly.
No. 1704 St. 19th. St.
Philada.

Smith, Shepherd of the Missahickon.



SMITH.

My days of life are drawing to a close,
These scenes for me will shortly have an end,
My sun will set as surely as it rose,
On the divine decree all things depend.
For four-score years my devious course has run,
In changes varied, and 'midst toils and cares,
One trouble ended, one again begun ;
Thus has gone on my changing course of years.
I've seen my parents in the grave laid low
At early age, my wife in manhood's prime,
My children yielded to our mortal foe,
But two from ten are living at this time ;
My best of friends are gone, but few remain
Of all that knew me in my early life,
Cut down as grass, they 'scaped a world of pain,
And left the scenes of mortal, weary strife.
Chill poverty for long my path assailed,
And efforts strenuous proved unavailing,
My schemes were vain, and all my labor failed ;
So on life's ocean seldom 'twas plain sailing.

(9)

Till in the end a friend of earlier days,
 Says, "John, our friendship parts, behold me
 dying ;"

When moved I was, with faltering breath he says,
 "My time is short, now pray leave off your crying,
 For you must go and bring a notary here,
 I'll tell you then next what you'll have to do,
 You've been my friend in need for many a year,
 And I will show I've not forgotten you."

The notary brought, he all at once conveyed
 His wealth to me, and, parting, grasped my hand,
 "My flocks, my lands, my all are yours," he said,
 "And bless you, John, and all your little band !"
 He said no more, and no reply was made,
 All stricken sudden with a bitter grief,
 His poor remains in lowly grave we laid,
 And mourned him long, till time brought some
 relief.

For I have found that even deepest sorrow
 In time will mitigate, and lesser grow ;
 One day is different from the following morrow,
 Or else we could not stand our mortal woe.
 Thus Providence, whose ways are always wise,
 Bereft me of a kind and tender friend ;
 And destined, while he to the skies should rise,
 My chilling want should quickly have an end.
 I prospered, and the world no more was cold,
 I money saved, and placed it in a bank,

" 'Twill help to keep me when I'm frail and old,"
 Such were my thoughts; contentment then I drank.
 Soon failed the bank—the president absconded,
 And swept the savings of long years away ;
 One evil by another is attended,
 My sheep and cattle died from day to day ;
 And sorely grieving what might be the end
 For me, perhaps in hoary age to beg,
 I crossed a stile on business to attend,
 My balance lost, and then I broke my leg.
 A skillful surgeon soon restored each part
 That fractured was, and then the splints applied.
 And bandaged them with ready, easy art,
 Then said, " If you had broke your neck you'd
 died."
 And this was all he said ; I on it pondered,
 And, wondering, thought that matters might be
 worse,
 At my ingratitude I deeply wondered,
 And wondered more that God did not me curse.
 " Alas !" I thought, " my Maker has been kind,
 His blessings flowing still on worthless me,
 Who to His mercies have in heart been blind ;
 But now by grace His loving hand I see."
 In deep contrition, I in secret bowed
 In deep submission to His sovereign sway ;
 " I'm in God's hand," I cried, and cried aloud,
 " His name be blessed! He gives and takes away."

Then growing well, my chamber I did range,
 On an old coffer then my gaze did fall ;
 For the first time it struck me as quite strange,
 Though there for years, I oped it not at all.
 Then trying frequent, and with many a key,
 My friend's old chest, that looked so soiled and old,
 Reveals its secret treasures all to me,
 Parchments and diamonds, and much glittering
 gold.
 My son and daughter gaze in mute surprise,
 "Dear father, this will meet your wants, no doubt;"
 The falling tears I wipe from off my eyes,
 And said, "'tis strange how God brings things
 about."
 My heart was touched—my losses were repaired,
 Prosperity and wealth on me attend,
 I found in trials still God for me cared,
 And bounteously did his favors send.

(Enter Reporter.)

REPORTER.

"Good morning, sir! I hope I see you well ;
 This scene is pleasant."

SMITH.

"Thank you ! well as years,
 That always on the aged somehow tell
 Will well permit, though each age has its cares."

REPORTER.

“Yes! and I think reporters have the most.

They must be here and there ever, and tell
The waiting public, careless of the cost,
In brains and labor all the news, and well.”

SMITH.

’Tis even so! mankind but little dream

What labor is expended on the least
Or less important, as to them may seem

Each thing that, with its fellow, makes their feast.

I honor all who labor for their kind,

But honor more the intellectual sway
So justly gained by those who tax the mind

By writing books, or for the press each day,
So ardent strive their race still to improve,

Instruct, inform, correct, amuse, delight,

And in the work and labor of true love,

Spend not the day alone, but oft the night.

REPORTER.

I wish that all, dear sir, were such as you;

But as it is we must remain content,
The most love trifles, and in reading, few
Are studious enough how time is spent.

SMITH.

And yet each year some great improvement gives,
And the all-potent press is teeming forth
Such works as stand the test, and each receives
Almost as much attention as 'tis worth ;
The rest, neglected, pining, die away,
And deep oblivion sweeps them from our view ;
Each has its course, and sees its little day,
And each, if I mistake not, has its due.
And yet, 'twill often happen that a puff,
Or editorial criticism, will send
A book up like a kite, that has enough
Of favoring air, but then will downward tend.
The greatest authors mostly have been poor,
And in their day, some scarce a loaf could buy ;
Our age, in this, I think has worked a cure,
And few will write now that could easier fly.
An author, as a critic, must have bread,
And authorship is a poor trade, no doubt,
But if a man has good brains in his head,
The public, some day sure, will find him out.
And then, however poor, obscure his name,
He'll take his place unmoved by any phrenzy
That might his efforts mar, his rising fame
Blighted by that just critic called Mackenzie.

(Exit Reporter.)

JULIETTE.

Dear father, in this pleasant morning air,
The sun delightful shining on my way,
I've wandered all about and everywhere,
But not till now have I seen you to-day.
Your feebleness requires a daughter's love,
And dutiful attentions on it waiting,
You strayed too far, and 'twill your powers prove
O'ertasked too much, as homeward we're retreating.

SMITH.

Beloved child, my thoughts still led me on,
'Tis long since I reclined beneath this tree,
This spot was as the favored place well known
By me and her I lost, mother to thee.
One spot alone will ever claim a part,
Whate'er we do, wherever we may rove,
And press its imprint in the beating heart ;
The spot of vows exchanged and pledged love.

JULIETTE.

Beloved father, let us homeward tend,
We can converse and onward as we go ;
You'll tell more of her whose life did end
The self-same time that mine begun below.

SMITH.

Not now, my child, perhaps another hour,
When we're in twilight, and deep shadows steal,

With softening influence and all the power
 Of gentle sympathy, I'll like it feel.
 Then you shall hear, with more you ought to know,
 My loss and yours how great, without repair,
 When us she left in this sad scene of woe
 Her loss to mourn. Now she knows no care.
 My son is coming to us through the vale,
 His step is slow; and all his looks are sad;
 He sees us not, but mark his features pale,
 Now he looks up, and seems to meet us glad.
 How now, my son! you got your education
 In the best college known in all the land,
 You wore your sword well, too, and for the nation,
 Did bravely bear yourself, and have on hand
 The documents of which you might be proud;
 A patriot will prize of noble soul,
 For freedom struggling 'mid the battle loud,
 Whose courage gives him then entire control.
 You're young and handsome, and a likely fellow;
 You are not poor, and richer than you know,
 And still you're sad, and you are somewhat yellow,
 Absent in mind—I late have seen you so.

EDWARD.

None should conceal a secret from kind father;
 I am not ill, and yet not very well,
 I'll not conceal, although I had much rather,
 So I will all my grievous sufferings tell.

JULIETTE.

I fear there is a damsel in the case,
He kept his secret well, but I could discover
From one dear girl, by changes in her face,
That Edward was her ardent, favored lover.

EDWARD.

Although I'm sick I can't refrain a smile ;
You're right, sweet sister, it is even so.
How you found out, or if by woman's wile
'Tis plain how matters are, right well you know.
Her high, proud-minded, and her purse-proud father,
Is all reluctant to regard my claim ;
He'd mate her to aristocrat much rather,
Than shepherd's son who bears an humble name.

SMITH.

I know the maid, you're better born than she ;
She's good and virtuous, her beauty rare,
And if she loves you, you may happy be,
Nor of the world's trash have the slightest care.
Her father's fond of wealth, without objection
He'll press you to his heart and give you Annie,
When you present this bond to his inspection,
Say it is mine and I must have my money.
For fifty thousand dollars is the bond,
Your father owns it, and you own it now,

And when he knows you of his daughter fond,
Depend on me he'll not reject your vow.

ANNIE (*Alone.*)

How beautiful the face of nature seems,
The sun just rising, pours his cheering ray
Upon the city ; and the brilliant gleams
Reflected on the chrystal windows play.
But when on some dark pile of other years,
Gloomy and black with many an age they fall,
Their splendor is absorbed and nothing cheers,
The gloom that on it rests like funeral pall.
Thus with my heart, the sun shines out in vain,
And useless all his brilliant rays descend,
And prospects fine and e'en sweet music's strain
Nothing contain, which my sad case can mend.

MARY, *an Irish girl, enters.*

What ails my lovely mistress? once so gay,
Your cheerfulness has left you, and your sleep
Is often broken while you muttering say
Things that my faithful bosom still must keep.
I've served you well two years, and oh, so kind
You're ever proved to a poor orphan maid,
I'd range the world some remedy to find
That might restore you, or that e'en might aid.

ANNIE.

You served me well, good girl ; I often think
Your first condition differed far from this,
In mind and person and some things that link
A chain together prove you lost some bliss.
You, like myself, some painful secret have,
All unrevealed which in dark shadows throws
A gloom o'er your fair face, as if the grave
Were the last rest, the place of true repose;
Then listen now to what I'll freely tell,
And then you'll know my secret grief too well.
While in botanic studies one day straying,
I sought and found a very pretty flower,
'Twas afternoon and in the fields delaying,
I sought a shelter from the falling shower.
A youth appeared with every manly grace,
And as I knew him, for we met before,
He said the rain and dampness of the place
Required he should escort me to my door.
His sheltering umbrella kept me dry,
And on we walked, supported by his arm,
I felt a little tremulous, I don't know why,
For sure I felt to walk so was no harm.
For well I knew that wet will bring on cold,
And cold is apt to lead to inflammation,
And this to death in either young or old,
However high or low their rank or station.

Then too we parted at the very door,
 He, leaving, gave a little flower the thought,
 Though brief our walk, yet now that it was o'er,
 He mutely wished me to forget him not.
 And thus in simplest way at first we met
 And accident has caused us oft to meet,
 I can't tell how it is, or if our fate,
 But soon experience taught to me 'twas sweet.
 His sister is my very dearest friend,
 A bosom friend as every girl must have,
 An angel if from heaven they e'er descend,
 To visit mortals while this side the grave.
 But here she comes, and radiant are her smiles,
 She looks quite cheerful and so full of mirth,
 That e'en my sadness she so oft beguiles
 My gloomy thoughts, I must in joy break forth.

JULIETTE.

How does my dearest Annie fare to-day?
 I hope in health and with all blessings too.

ANNIE.

I thank you, sweetest friend, and I must say,
 My thoughts just now were occupied with you.

JULIETTE.

You're very kind, and I am very glad ;
 What were you thinking of for some time past ?

I fain would know, 'for oft your looks are sad,
 The fit would pass I know, nor longer last.
 Yet on your mind I fear some secret preys,
 All unrevealed your sadness saddens me,
 If you are sad my happiness decays,
 Nor can I brook unhappiness in thee.
 For friendship binds with sympathetic chords
 The hearts that true in joy and sorrow are,
 And friendship that consists in merely words
 Is of all confidence the greatest bar.
 A sorrow told alleviates the pain
 That oft confined consumes the burning heart,
 And health and happiness are the sure gain
 From friendship's true and sympathetic art.

ANNIE.

You're right, my dear, and reason very well,
 A sage but fair philosopher art thou;
 My secret is deep, but I may tell
 My truest friend ; and since I must avow,
 There's one who stole my heart away, and love
 Reigns with all potent sway within my breast,
 Whether I walk or rest, retire or rove
 By day and night, my thoughts are all distressed.
 For he their object while he others sees
 That are more fair, more worthy choice will make,
 Then deeper sorrow will upon me seize,
 And though I dare not speak, my heart will break.

JULIETTE.

Take courage, sweet, for how can you discover,
 When none are fairer he could fairer choose !
 Perhaps, and likely he an ardent lover,
 Is trembling now to think you might refuse.

ANNIE.

Should he regard me with your partial eyes
 A reasonable hope I then might have,
 But 'tis not to be hoped for, and surprise
 Will seize yourself, and but regret 'twill leave.

JULIETTE.

Fear not, but speak, who is the happy man ?
 I fondly wish he were my only brother.

ANNIE.

Oh ! Juliette, you knew how matters ran,
 Good gracious ! it is he, your Edward, and none
 other.

JULIETTE.

Your blushes spare, my dear, your worth he knows,
 And quickly will, fear not, himself disclose ;
 A noble heart he has, but full of woes,
 Which quick will vanish when he does propose.
 Here comes himself, and now I'll steal away,
 I'm one too many here, and so good bye !

ANNIE.

Oh stay, for pity's sake, and let me say—
 Why she is gone ; to do my best I'll try.

EDWARD.

I come, most lovely maid, a boon to crave,
 And ask your leave to talk with you awhile.

ANNIE.

And if your boon I grant what you would have
 Of benefit might cause the grave to smile.

EDWARD.

That may depend on how each subject turns,
 For you are wise and prudent, and the time
 With such conversing flies, till the clock warns
 The astonished visitor, grieved at its chime.
 Your mind well stored with knowledge, in converse
 Can pour instruction on the willing ear,
 Your motives high, whate'er you may rehearse.
 Oh, who so dull that would not gladly hear ?
 Your voice is music, and your form so fair,
 Your face so beautiful that you appear
 A radiant being, who from upper air,
 The blest abode of angels, came down here.

ANNIE.

If you talk thus I fear that I must change
 The estimate I formed of your good sense ;

Such flattery to me is new and strange,
And I must say 'tis all at truth's expense.

EDWARD.

Well, then, you are no angel, but a being
Formed from the clay, and mortal as the rest;
You are not perfect with Him the All-seeing,
But one who must improve to join the blest.

ANNIE.

You're talking now with better sense, I'm sure,
And to the propositions I assent;
This is more to my mind, and may secure
Our full agreement and without dissent.

EDWARD.

I won't admit my propositions wrong,
Whatever was advanced in the beginning,
And now the proofs to my mind are more strong,
That modesty and virtue are more winning.
Your graces might attract my admiration,
Your beauty cause more wonder than man's art,
But, virtue—goodness in my contemplation
Could only gain the victory o'er my heart.
Oh, fairest creature then, I'm wretched ever,
And must prolong my misery through life,
Unless to me you're joined in bonds that nought can
sever,
And I am blest by having thee for wife.

ANNIE.

My happiness will only thus be surest,
 Your love reciprocated I will own,
 To you affection turns in trust securest,
 You my beloved, my Edward, you alone.

AN OFFICE IN THE CITY.

MR. THOMAS. (*Alone*).

My business flourishes, all goes on to my mind,
 I'm making money, and will make much more,
 I've passed the days of struggle, and I find
 My credit better than for years before.
 The wealth I've hoarded is not for myself,
 Though many think that I am fond of money,
 And have my heart all set on paltry pelf,
 It is not so; though bees are fond of honey,
 And labor ceaseless all the summer days
 To hoard it secret in their waxen cell,
 Or ant industrious which as Horace says
 Adds to its heap each day to serve for winter well.
 These insects by mere instinct taught to move,
 The animals that o'er the plain or pasture go,
 The fowls of heaven, the finny tribes that move
 Through sea or stream cannot by reason go.

But man more noble, so erect in stature,
 To whom the Deity gave face sublime,
 And made him somewhat lower in his nature
 Than angels are, is not confined to time.
 For time is short, but not so is man's being;
 He's here but a brief space, not so always,
 And favored in the sight of the All-Seeing,
 His life is measured by eternal days.
 And e'en the dust to which he turns when dying
 Shall in the resurrection bear the trace
 Of finer chisel than Aelles plying
 His skilful art in marble e'er could grace.
 For forms all glorified in dazzling beauty
 Inspired and tenanted by souls made pure
 Of those who in probation did their duty,
 Shall see all nature changed and yet endure.
 What man exists then who will force his reasons,
 And grovel in the world's vain things awhile,
 Forgetful of the future when in season,
 For him is naught a vain world's frown or smile?
 To eat, drink, and be clothed, is all the cry
 Of worldly men, provided they gain wealth;
 They think no more why they're sent here; nor why
 They may live longer or have failing health.
 My place is not here ever, nor my toiling,
 Both day and night, is not for wife and me,
 From hoarding as an object, I'm recoiling,
 And Annie is the object that I see.

I want her fortune certain and quite ample
 For all the uses she may e'er desire,
 Further than this, her wants like mine are simple,
 And riches she won't covet or admire.

(Enter Edward.)

EDWARD.

I find you busy, sir, and won't intrude
 But a short time, and make my words as brief
 As may be, to make duly understood
 What most important is to you and me in chief.

THOMAS.

I'm glad to see you, Edward, I have leisure,
 Sit down and tell me all you have to say,
 I, in your conversation took much pleasure;
 Until you chanced, observing on one day
 That you had ta'en a fancy to my girl,
 And deemed you loved her, oh! far more than all,
 Confess it, boy, you thought me but a churl,
 Because I took a prudent view withal.

EDWARD.

I must confess I thought you proud in station
 And fond of wealth, and looked on the possession
 Of such, with all its ostentation,
 Just what you wished, though not so your ex-
 pression.

THOMAS.

Ha! ha! you're partly right, but wrong, my boy,
When you concluded I'd my daughter give
To wealthy son-in-law, and wish him joy;
The man that weds my Annie must be well to live.
This is but just, her fortune is not large,
And I her father work to make it more;
This my anxiety, my daily charge,
For this I'm early and late too in store.
I like you much, and would most gladly see
My daughter yours, but for this very cause,
That when united, you could never be
In the position to gain just applause.
In other words, men judge us by our means
In many a way wealth can a great deal do,
And toward the wealthy our desire leans
When suitors come, for daughter's hands to sue.

EDWARD.

Father told me this document to show,
And say, he owns the ground you sit upon,
The property is his, though you don't know,
But he receives the rent, and he alone.

THOMAS.

The thing is clear, another holds in trust,
And to him pays whatever may accrue;

The bond thus too he holds and pay I must,
 Now, I upon it think tis nearly due.
 Tell him 'twill all be right, and let me say
 I'm glad he's fortunate beyond my thought;
 Now, Edward tell me what to-day
 Yourself to talk on hither to me brought?

EDWARD.

I own your daughter's love, I ask her hand
 In holy wedlock, till death do us part;
 I love her as my life, and can command
 The means you toil for—

THOMAS.

Well! with all my heart!
 I am most happy my consent to grant,
 To her's you have obtained with due assent,
 And may ye prosper, and no good thing want
 While both shall live till life's last hour is spent!

PART II.

EVANGELIST.

These scenes are pleasant, but the scorching ray
Is on the fields, and flocks this hour descending ;
To yonder house, and not far off my way,
To 'scape the noontide heat, my steps are bending.
Here roamed the Indian many years ago,
In all his pride of bows and queer attire—
His tomahawk or rifle ; here the foe
Burned down his cottage by consuming fire.
His wife and children, and his neighbors here,
No doubt enjoyed the life of savage wildness ;
They watched the foe in eagerness of fear—
The Christian foe in terror for their mildness.
The war-whoop sounded, and the warriors danced,
Fantastic, in the pride of paint and plumes,
The glittering ornaments upon them glanced,
Though then their costume was not of the looms.
This very scene beheld the happy bride,
The bridegroom's joy, the rude festivity
Of barbarous times ; and on this streamlet's tide
Rowed the canoe in emulation's glee.

Nor did the "noble savage" need to grieve,
 That Penn—good man—e'er sought these sylvan
 shades;
 His justice not e'en savage would deceive—
 Not his th' insidious foe's dark ambuscades.
 What see we now!—some flocks and herds are grazing,
 Or seek the shade; some shepherds and their lasses,
 All pleasant, pass the time, or curious gazing
 On any new or strange face that there passes.
 The pastures are not large, the flock is small;
 Nor this the scene Arcadian or of Tempe,
 I wonder how the shepherd lives at all;
 I fear his pockets often are but empty.
 If that were so, and he no income had,
 More independent I'd be in the lurch;
 For in such case no doubt my chance were bad
 To get a fat subscription for my Church.
 God made the universe, and all the earth
 With all its wealth is His, and His alone;
 Each thought that's good from Him derives its birth,
 'Tis His to change to flesh the heart of stone.
 And stony hearts there are that ne'er would feel,
 Or know the source from whence their good pro-
 ceeds,
 Were there no temples raised by godly zeal,
 Where man may hear the warning that he needs.
 I'm at the house,—this venerable man
 May be its master, and I'll him accost—

Pray, sir, inform me, if, indeed, you can,
If Mr. Smith lives here, or I my way have lost ?

SMITH.

I am that person—what may you require ?
You seem a clergyman—I love the cloth.
Walk in and tell me all that you desire.
If I can serve you I will not be loth.

EVANGELIST.

You are most kind ; and I require your aid,
For we a Church are raising, and though God
Dwells not in temples that with hands are made,
Yet does he condescend to teach the road
To heaven leading, when the people bow
In holy reverence at the Gospel sound,
And on them take the deep and solemn vow,
Of leaving sin while mercy may be found.

SMITH.

Your object is a good one ; the devotion,
Engendered by the congregation kneeling
Before Jehovah with that deep emotion,
That rises in the heart the source of feeling ;
Is helpful to the Christian's daily life,
And aids his struggles for the victory
That he must gain in all the perilous strife
He meets with, if he would life eternal see.

Mankind are brothers, bound by common ties,
 And mutually dependent on each other ;
 As far as in the power of each it lies

He's bound to help his neighbor as his brother.
 And if the different bodies who profess
 To love their Master, but ignore each other,
 How can they hope that He will deign to bless
 And prosper them when they don't love their
 brother?

To aid you in the cause you have in hand
 Here's fifty dollars, with my prayers I give,
 And if you seem in need of more to stand
 The like at dedication you'll receive.

(Enter Edward.)

EDWARD.

'Tis my old friend I see, my friend at school,
 My friend no less, when we were both at College,
 Old times come back again—the heavens do rule
 That gave you back to me I do acknowledge.

EVANGELIST.

Our joy is mutual ; for many a day
 Have you and I climbed the steep hill of learning,
 Or quaffed the stream of knowledge till our way
 Dividing, each went his, his own need earning.

EDWARD.

You must remain to-day, and at our leisure
 We shall again renew our recollection

Of things and persons with the chastened pleasure
 That has its source in memory and reflection.
 Father, you heard me often name my friend
 The wise and good ; I know you're glad to see
 I've found him once again, and in the end
 As at the first he'll useful be to me.

SMITH.

I welcome you, kind sir, and while you stay
 I will most gladly bear you company,
 Edward will entertain you, while I may
 Repose as is my wont, in slumbers free.
(*Exit.*)

EDWARD.

Now my old friend improve the time and tell
 The chances, changes, scenes, through which you
 passed,
 How they affected you and whether well,
 You anchor in a port secure at last.

EVANGELIST.

That will be only when this scene is o'er
 And mortal cares cannot affect the mind,
 When safely housed on the eternal shore
 My spirit its repose and bliss shall find.
 When we had parted I took up a book
 Pondering, turned o'er its leaves and on me fell

A power divine that all my being shook
 And scales dropped from my eyes but how I
 cannot tell,
 Then all I ever read about the East,
 And eastern lands in memory found a place,
 The Lesser Asia seemed a land to feast
 My mind upon ; and that the cradle of our race.
 For Abraham's calling and Paul's labors came
 Mysteriously blended in my thought,
 The first from Chaldea, the last in name,
 From Tarsus in Cilicia was brought.
 I mused upon the peoples that had dwelt
 'Neath the Assyrian and Persian sway,
 That to vain idols or the sun had knelt
 And paid their homage to the god of day.
 The dark Egyptian and his rites impure
 The mysteries of Greece in arts refined,
 Rome with her idols which could not endure
 When first the Christian creed assailed the mind
 Then high resolve within my heart arose
 For truth to stand, the Cross as banner raise
 'Gainst sin, and pride, and all the deadly foes
 That in our age pervert the Lord's right ways.
 And thus your friend now swells the sacred ranks
 Of those that for the truth not vainly strive,
 Like swollen stream that overflows its banks,
 Or Nile whose fertile wave grants man to live.

Called to the city where a faithful few,
 A simple temple to Jehovah raise
 My steps were hither led, and with the view
 Some aid to ask by your kind father's grace.

EDWARD.

And did he grant your very just request ?
 For I must say he often gives away
 More than most dream of ; says he thinks it best
 Unlike to some who wait till dying day.

EVANGELIST.

He liberally gave and promised more,
 By gentle courtesy my heart did cheer ;
 Heaven bless his age, and leaving mortal shore
 May he in joy ascend to blissful sphere !

EDWARD.

There is a pleasant task you must for me
 Some day perform—no other shall, I know,
 As I will not request it ; then you'll see
 What 'tis to have a friend in weal and woe.

EVANGELIST.

I spell you out, you ask me to make one
 Of what was two ; which is a pleasing task,
 And easy too, and well you know that none
 Would be so glad to do whate'er you ask.

EDWARD.

You guessed right well ; I greatly loathe the life
 Of bachelor, which I till now have led ;
 And marry soon I will to the best wife
 E'er man was blest with ; but you'll see the maid.

(Enter Juliette.)

This is my sister, and with me she'll joy
 To find you with me, as she often heard
 My praises of you ; this too from a boy
 Till we grew men ; now she'll have her word :

JULIETTE.

And that will be your welcome ; and I hope
 Some time your stay, for in this rural scene
 Are many grand attractions and full scope
 For liveliest fancy 'midst its fields of green.

EVANGELIST.

You are poetical, and I delight to see
 The sister of my friend like him possess
 A mind that soars in fancy buoyantly,
 And can with life people a wilderness.
 I've strayed by Schuylkill's banks in summer day,
 And wandered where the Wissahickon glides
 Now dark amid deep hills where solar ray
 Cannot illumine ; and where it rolls its tides
 Of murmuring waters o'er its pebbly bed,
 And marked hill and dale that all around

Extended lay, till here and there it led
 To scenes the patriot still thinks sacred ground.
 Nor with a careless eye did I survey
 The wealthy villas where the rich enjoy
 The blessings of retirement far away
 From crowded tumult which will much annoy.
 These flocks and herds, and smiling fields I love,
 Where Nature leads my mind to Nature's God,
 And draws my thoughts contemplative above,
 In faith to Him who taught the Heavenly road.
 I think of Him when by the Jordan's stream
 He sojourned, or by sacred Cedron's rill
 And taught the truth sublime ; and then I deem
 All human wisdom nought, the world's wise men
 instill.
 In solitude I sometimes love to muse
 When rambling through the dark and lonely shade
 Strewn with the flowers whose odors there diffuse
 Their grateful fragrance through the lovely glade.
 But often in sweet converse I prefer
 The charming company of faithful friend,
 Which cheers my spirits, dissipates my care,
 And gives enjoyment to each hour I spend.
 Delighted then would be to sojourn here,
 And with you pass the pleasant hours away,
 Amid the sylvan scenes which round appear
 In mingled beauty grand, and wild, and gay.

Not long for me can solitude or ease
 My mind from duties active hence detain,
 My Master in my labors I must please,
 And flee where pleasure binds her flowery chain

EDWARD.

We won't require you long with us to bide,
 Nor aught retard the work you have in hand;
 We join to aid you, and whate'er betide,
 Our help and influence you may command.
 The temple which you now design to raise,
 Most glad we all will help you to prepare,
 We owe our Maker all we have, and praise
 His name each day with earnest, fervent prayer.
 Thus of our substance we will freely spend,
 And labor with you in a glorious cause,
 Which aids mankind far more to better end,
 Than the restraints of usages and laws.
 For churches filled will leave no place for crime,
 And laws divine preserved, aid human rule;
 'Tis on this principle in this our time,
 Christians lay stress upon the Sunday school.
 My sister and her friend the maid I love,
 The Bible teaches young and list'ning ears,
 Which points to more enduring scenes above,
 And helps the prospect of advancing years.
 Nor far remote the time when we shall leave,
 Or mostly so, this scene so wild and fair,

And dwelling in the city there receive
 Companionship we covet much to share.
 For there refinement and the arts of peace
 High cultivation, and rich social pleasure
 Of minds more sage than those of classic Greece,
 Pour forth profuse, their rare and priceless treasure.
 All social joys refined one there may taste,
 Whose mind and heart the right direction take,
 And find this world is not the dreary waste,
 Some falsely deem it when the mind's awake.

(Re-enter Smith.)

The changes that have taken place within my time
 The civilizing influences and the advance
 In science, art and culture mark our clime
 In progress rapid in what can enhance
 The good of man ; nor can one easy draw,
 From the world's annals aught that may compare,
 Within the limits known as nature's law
 With the vast onward march in which we share.

EVANGELIST.

This is a wondrous age in which we live,
 And 'onward' seems the century's motto fair,
 The student of some years since must receive
 Another studious course his proper rôle to bear.

EDWARD.

Though Euclid still geometry can teach
 And years ago anatomy was known,
 Theology the same for those who preach
 And some things else we know as in time gone,
 But industry now turns the rapid wheel
 By motive power whose source discovery taught
 But recently ; the iron bar or steel
 Is by controlling power most wonderfully wrought.

EVANGELIST.

Industrial products, as manufacture known
 Denoted what was called as made by hand,
 The idea now has well nigh changed or flown,
 Supplanted by a triumph for more grand.
 Steam that impels the sea-traversing bark
 The traveller speeds on continent or isle
 Is motive power to loom ; the press its mark
 Leaves on the age all steam-impelled the while ;
 Wonders on wonders rise and never cease,
 Eclipsing Persia, Egypt, Rome or Greece.
 That show past culture far is left behind,
 And mark the boundless progress of the mind.
 'Twas on a summer's day when torrents fell,
 With sudden rain descending from the skies,
 I thought to seek a shelter ; it chanced well,
 To fill my mind with wondering surprise,

The Iron Works I entered called Bush Hill,
 And not the largest in the industrial hive,
 Which citizens may daily view and still
 In various shops see how mechanics thrive.
 I wandering round with close observant eye,
 Beheld the labors of four hundred men,
 All busily engaged ; and standing by,
 Was lost in thought and wondered still again,
 As each 'mid sparks and din and smoke did ply.
 Some on the anvil, heated iron urge,
 With pondrous hammers fashion to their minds
 The pliant metal ; and like Vulcan's forge
 The bellows blow, sparks fly, 'mid smoke that blinds.
 Another place, each wonderful machine
 That turns, or planes, or plays a thousand parts,
 Now here and there with skill applied is seen,
 By the controlling genius, who Master is of Arts.
 Wide is he known as skillful engineer,
 Machinist, founder, and the maker too
 Of boilers huge, that no explosion fear,
 While castings of all kinds evince what he can do.
 The mill machinery our country needs,
 For sugar, grist, impelling Disston's Saw,
 Are all with art and skill which none exceeds
 In this one place contrived ; attention draw
 To Philadelphia workmen, and procure
 Both name, and fame, and riches, all to *Moore*.

Our Age too boasts the Iron Fronts of Royer
Which time can scarce corrode—the great destroyer;
The stateliest, noblest, grandest of them all,
Graces thy spacious palace, fair Oak Hall !

EDWARD.

Machines are found to answer every use,
That may avail with labor to dispense,
They plough and reap, no drugery refuse,
They churn, knit, sew, and at far less expense.

SMITH.

When my age tender was the State was new,
Its independence recently was won,
Foundations laid in Liberty, and due
Respect to law auspiciously begun.
With freedom, and observance of due right,
Religion shed her gentle moral ray;
Men yielded not alone to power and might
But conscience too did oft point out the way.
The Bible blessed the land, by sacred Truth,
The Church was spread ; the Word of Life was read
And learned institutions rose for youth,
Or human woes to lighten quickly spread.
From the Old World with each revolving year,
Far from their native land adventurers came,
Their path in life to carve and settle where
The soil might theirs become in deed, as name.

Then hand-in-hand went industry and wealth,
 Development and progress in their train,
 The land was blessed, prosperity and health
 Swelled large, the increase still increased again.
 The latent force electric wrought a change ;
 Free thought diffused so rapidly around
 That nought we wonder at event so strange,
 A circling band uniting earth was found.
 Ne'er did Arabian tale such wonders show,
 Or fiction e'er depict such strange surprise,
 As meets us here and there wherever we go,
 Shown by an age of wonders to our eyes.

EVANGELIST.

Our mines are rich, and have to wealth led some,
 Who on Pacific shores sought and have found
 What others toil for not less hard at home—
 In commerce, or the tillage of the ground.
 The precious metals here and there abound,
 The useful minerals—iron, lead, and coal—
 Throughout our country commonly are found ;
 And oil wells spring, surprising as a whole,
 How subterraneous wealth lies all around.

JULIETTE.

The dinner, gentlemen, is waiting now,
 And likely may improve your conversation,
 More like to languish for long fasting, how
 Can facts meet fair discussion with no relaxation ?

EDWARD.

Our friend at least must some refreshment need,
 As exercise an appetite improves ;
 And so let us to dining-room proceed,
 Supporting nature as it all behooves.

EVANGELIST.

A wise man said the dinner hour by far
 Was most important in the twenty-four ;
 But morally I think that he did err,
 For hour devotional weighs in importance more.

EDWARD.

'Tis not when we are hungry we need cavil ;
 Each has its time and necessary use,
 And I'm afraid the evil spirit or devil
 Has caused to both at times a sad abuse.
 Our nation, in the eating of each meal,
 Is too oblivious of strength and health,
 In which forgetful of the public weal,
 They eat so fast, as if it were by stealth.

(*Mr. Thomas' House.*)

ANNIE.

I am most happy—who could tell how much
 The heart will joy when of its load 'tis freed.
 And shrinks no more from apprehension's touch :
 But calm, surveys and glories in its meed.

One word from Edward all this change has made—
 He loves me—I love him,—oh ! happy day
 When he called me his own, his dearest maid,
 No wonder my sad spirit now is gay.
 Come, Mary ! for you see me happy now—
 Whom late you wept for, while you saw me sad ;
 'Tis the effect of Edward's words and vow,
 You see me happy, *his*, and oh ! so glad.

MARY.

Oh ! glad and joyful may you ever be,
 For such you should who are so good and kind.
 It cheers me much your happiness to see,
 And know that what you wished so, now you find.

ANNIE.

Now, Mary, pray your own account relate,
 And let me know if I can aid at all ;
 You seem a victim of untoward fate ;
 But Providence, not fate, rules great and small.

MARY.

I lost my parents when but yet a child.
 A maiden aunt then took me to her home ;
 Her fortune large, her treatment very mild,
 She taught me well, and did not let me roam.
 On her dependent at the garden gate,
 A youth one day my careless steps espied,

And often there to meet it seemed our fate,
 Nor could his worth by any be denied ;
 Then he was rich, and wanted me to wed,
 To which I must admit my heart inclined,
 My aunt another chose for me instead ;
 But, such a match was little to my mind.
 And so I left the house, and country, too,
 And wandered o'er the ever rolling sea ;
 My chance presented my first steps to you,
 And with you service took, concealed and free.
 My lover waited two long years, and he
 Has now at length obtained my aunt's consent,
 And in this change to our sad destiny
 He found, and writes me, she does now relent.
 And so with joy, which makes my beating heart
 Like yours exult, for Erin's isle I leave ;
 But not from you without a pang I part,
 And one so good I must in parting grieve.

ANNIE.

And Mary, you deserve a happy lot
 In which I trust you will a place retain
 Within your memory, where to be forgot
 By you, I hope can't be, while life remain.

MARY.

Oh ! thank you much, when ceasing to recall
 Yourself, and all the kindness I enjoyed

At your most gentle hand, no thought at all
For me remains but memory destroyed ;

And should our lovely island ever see

Your fair and happy face, how glad will I
And he I love, with hospitality

Bid you most gladly hail, for days gone by.

(Exit Mary.)

Enter Mr. Thomas.)

THOMAS.

I'm glad, my dear, that you are quite alone,

I see you happy, and can guess the cause ;

Your mother knows of course, for there is none

So much deserves your confidence by duty's laws.

ANNIE.

She knows, dear father ; and fortunate am I,

So blessed in parents which a daughter's love

Compel ; I hope I still did try

To do my duty and what you approve.

THOMAS.

We are content ; and soon you'll be a bride

And leave for other scenes the happy home

In which you lived ; and whate'er may betide,

'Tis ours to hope your happiness to come.

And though this earth is not the Christian's home,

Nor must we here expect without alloy

Delight to find ; yet in the time to come,

By serving God you'll find true source of joy.

Ambition, wealth, and fame, and all that earth,
 E'en blest with truest friendship can afford,
 Are both too transient and of too mean worth,
 Compared with the true service of the Lord.
 Oh, then ! my daughter seek religion's ways,
 On Him whose power and love so great, depend—
 Who listens to the feeblest child that prays,
 And will in every danger still defend. *Exit.*
(Enter Edward.)

EDWARD.

Loveliest and best of women ! while with thee,
 My bliss in seeming is almost complete,
 The winged moments all too swiftly flee,
 And time expired we part—again to meet ;
 Yet parting you, seems leaving all my heart,
 Which still and ever is, indeed, your own ;
 I longing wait the time no more apart
 In holiest bonds united, we are one.
 Then name the time, sweet maid ! and say next week,
 It is an age, but time rolls still away ;
 Nay, sweet ! look up and let me hear thee speak,
 And Thursday next be named the happy day.

ANNIE.

This is too sudden—let me think awhile,
 At least 'tis sooner than I may have thought,
 You call a week an age, at which I smile,
 But dimpling as it came a tear it brought.

To laugh and weep at once is quite absurd,
 It foolish is to mingle joy and sorrow,
 To end such weakness, now, you have my word,
 With you to wed in just one week to-morrow.

EDWARD.

Thanks ! best and dearest ! now one fond embrace,
 And I must tear myself once more away,
 Some business calls me to another place,
 Though not half through with what I have to say.

Exit.

(*Enter Juliette.*)

JULIETTE.

My darling sister, now I give thee joy,
 Your tell-tale blushes show me who was here.
 Our Edward is the dear and happy boy
 Who gained your heart ; now all is well, I hear
 A kind good brother, you will surely find
 A true and faithful loving husband make,
 This union most congenial to my mind,
 Concern for your best weal away does take.

ANNIE.

'Tis I dear sister, who may well rejoice,
 Unworthy as I am his heart to gain,
 Who am his only love and dearest choice,
 Which any maid might envy, but in vain.

Yet I can say his happiness is mine,
 For him to ever love, my earthly bliss,
 My heart devoted in its inmost shrine,
 Belongs to him its idol, only his.

A lawyer's office in the city. A lawyer seated at his desk, examining a large number of papers.

LAWYER. *Alone.*

I'm worn away in all these weary years,
 My hair, once black, is long since turned to gray.
 In early life I had my anxious cares,
 And struggled hard to plod my weary way.
 When first my Blackstone studiously I learned,
 And days and nights gave to my legal lore,
 My head oft ached, but study I discerned,
 Was that alone which gave a legal store.
 Each case in court I careful kept in view,
 Took notes, compared, and practically tried,
 In reasonings severe ; nought else would do,
 For oft I found precedents misapplied.
 I prospered well, and rose high at the bar,
 My brethren of the law in courteous sort,
 Though argumentative in wordy war,
 Were kind, humane, and gentle, out of court.

Among my early clients and a friend,
 Was one named Smith, a very worthy man,
 Whom the world hardly dealt with ; in the end
 Kind fortune smiled, prosperity began.
 My friend and client in the vale of years,
 My aid professional he calls on still,
 Now near his end, at least, such are my fears,
 For he has summoned me to make his will.
 By Wissahickon he does choose to keep,
 And lives ostensibly by flock and fold,
 But bless me ! not his wealth in flocks of sheep
 Or herds, though 'mongst them he's grown old.
 His riches are in many a house and lot,
 In bonds which as a patriot he took,
 For he his country's weal has ne'er forgot,
 Investing all his surplus with Jay Cooke.
 But now I fear his wealth he'll shortly leave,
 His son and daughter to it heirs will fall ;
 For children gone, and wife, he oft did grieve,
 And now these last survivors will get all.
 His son two years since made a lucky choice,
 In marriage with a maid discreet and fair,
 'Twas a love match which made all friends rejoice,
 I hear they have a lovely son and heir.
 Sweet Juliette, as daughter I have missed,
 To make the wife of my son Theodore,
 She'll wed most likely to Evangelist,
 A learned divine and restless evermore,

He raised a temple to his Maker's praise,
 Of ample size and architectural beauty,
 Fit to compare with fanes of other days,
 When the imposing seemed a part of duty.
 The swelling organ peals the solemn hymn,
 And vocal harmonies their notes combine,
 To swell the strain where light, religious, dim,
 Pours through stained windows in this model
 shrine.
 And listening crowds the temple ever throng,
 To hear the music, or the word to hear,
 While oft the influence of the sacred song
 And the enforced word, affect both heart and ear.
 Hence, a marked change on many has ta'en place,
 They sin forsook, and turned from wicked ways,
 Evincing in their lives the fruits of grace,
 And marked devotion to Jehovah's praise.
 The needy, sick, the destitute and poor,
 In good Evangelist have found a friend ;
 He visits much nor passes humble door,
 But labors ceaselessly their griefs to mend.

(Smith's house.)

SMITH.

Presentiments must some attention claim,
 And have an influence o'er the strongest mind,
 The weaker then we cannot greatly blame,
 When too much stress to lay on them inclined.

5*

JULIETTE.

It seemed, dear father, that just now you spoke,
 How are you now ? what may you still require ?
 You slept till but some moments since you woke ;
 Say what to do your daughter you desire.

SMITH.

I spoke, but to myself, my darling child,
 And slumbering woke but a few moments gone,
 Your sainted mother seeming on me smiled
 From heavenly sphere, and spoke, then left me lone.
 The radiant vision clothed in purest white,
 Beside my bed all lovely seemed to stand
 Like one of those who praising day and night,
 Before the Lamb present a joyful band.
 And words she spoke delightful to mine ear,
 Which I but think of, but cannot recall ;
 With beckoning hand she seems to disappear,
 What see I there ? her shadow on the wall !

JULIETTE.

Your fancy, father, wanders with wide range
 'Midst airy visions, phantoms of the brain,
 That flit before imagination strange
 In its wild flights pursued and chased again.
 You had a dream in which conjecture ran
 Though fields aërial in rapid course,

Your thoughts all fancy led, dwelt on the one
 You loved so well, recalled to heavenly source.
 These thoughts, conjectures, creatures of the mind
 Prove immortality in souls to dwell,
 Which, subtile in their essence, nought can bind,
 But soar they will where joys eternal swell.
 As matter has its properties, so spirit,
 Though all unlike its attributes can claim,
 And does an entity as just inherit,
 As things material whatsoe'er their name.
 There is a soul, and it shall live forever,
 In joy or pain, in ecstasy and bliss,
 Or far from happiness be forced to sever
 For deeds in short probation done amiss.
 But spirits disembodied seldom turning
 From where they dwell by human eyes are seen,
 While lamp of mortal life is found yet burning,
 "Like angel's visits, few and far between."
 Nor if they come can they e'er cast a semblance
 Like shadow from a substance, on the walls,
 Though to our fancy it has such resemblance,
 While fleeting shadow on our fancy falls.

SMITH.

Forebodings came upon me with much force
 That now in age extreme my time has come,
 That I have almost run my mortal course
 And soon shall take my flight to heavenly home,

The lawyer soon my testament and will
 In legal form will frame, and then at ease
 I resting for a space may after fill
 Some vacancy still left; and close my eyes in peace.
(Exit Juliette.)

(Enter Lawyer.)

LAWYER.

I've come as you directed and made all
 The changes suiting to those interested.
 I'll read the will; if then you wish I'll call
 Such witnesses as make it well attested.

(Reads and has it signed.)

SMITH.

You have succeeded and all is well done,
 We soon must part, for my career is o'er,
 Please ring the bell, and call to me my son!

LAWYER.

He comes himself and now is at the door.

(Enter Edward.)

EDWARD.

Dear father, how I see your strength is failing
 What can we do to render you some aid?

SMITH.

Your wish, my son, and aid are unavailing,
 The icy hand of death cannot be staid.
 Our friend the lawyer now my will has made,
 You'll see all right, he still has been my friend;
 And as life's progress cannot be delayed
 Your sister and Evangelist haste to send.
 They love each other as we all do know;
 I wish their marriage now before my eyes
 At once to see, ere I from things below
 Rise to my happy home beyond the skies.

(Enter Evangelist leading Juliette, the Minister and Edward.)

You come, my children ; let me join your hands,
 This aged friend will knit in holy bands
 By sacred rite of Church ; while each before me stands
 Receive my blessing :—May God aid who commands.
 My earthly work is o'er ; Edward, your wife and son
 My blessing share, and all, I humbly trust,
 With me will in the resurrection rise,
 When no more mortal is this earthly dust
 In glory raised with spirits to the skies.
 And now farewell !—my fading sight is gone,
 I'm struggling now with Jordan's swelling wave,
 By great Messiah's aid who leaves me not alone ;
 "Where now thy sting, oh Death ! thy victory, oh
 grave !"

EDWARD.

Our dearest father now has breathed his last,
In age extreme his mortal life is o'er ;
All suffering and pain forever past,
He goes to those he loves on Canaan's shore.

JULIETTE.

Our loss is his great gain, the Christian's faith
Was his through life and in the vale of years,
The Christian's hope sustained his latest breath,
By all that saints in hour of dying cheers.

LAWYER.

He was a man who all his life was just
In all his dealings with his fellow-men,
In Providence he had unshaken trust,
And felt if things went wrong, in time they'd right
again.

EVANGELIST.

For him we should not grieve ; as fruit mature
Will downward fall to earth from parent tree,
So he in good old age in faith most sure
Was ripened well for immortality.
How few there are who in this little span
Reach to the age of threescore year and ten,
Which Holy Writ assigns to mortal man
As bounds that can be passed but now and then.

Some die in infancy, youth, manhood, age,
 Uncertain all when sickness or disease,
 Accident, danger, woe, may from the stage,
 The busy actors drive, and death may seize.
 No Æsculapian art can aught avail,
 By aid of science to turn death aside,
 When the decree is issued all things fail,
 And the weak bark left struggling with the tide.
 And ah! how sad when in uncertainty
 The bark has drifted helpless out to sea
 Far from this mortal shore, th' infinity
 Of that unbounded ocean called eternity.
 How few in all the earth are taught to feel
 The uncertain tenure of this little hour,
 For them the worldly good, and woe or weal
 Are seen dependent on an All-Wise Power.
 But most 'tis cause of fear have not a thought
 Their life throughout in all its thorny road,
 That works such change as to repentance brought,
 And led the soul from Satan back to God.
 Hence lying, cheating, swearing, murder, crime,
 In every form the Scriptures do condemn,
 Abound in every land, in every clime,
 As if men thought that God should not rule them.
 And Justice, even here is not so slow,
 As to restrain her pace, withhold her hand,
 But often wounds and keenly, and with blow
 Severe but merciful brings to a stand.

Men cheat themselves by merest want of care,
They cast away as less than useless toys
The blessings beyond price, nor wish to share,
Aught but the trifles known as worldly joys.
Eternity and death—they never think
How near to them until their unconcern
Is all alarmed when standing on fate's brink,
When dread will cause a lesson new to learn.
'Tis oft too late, an opening grave they see,
A hopeless gulf all frowning deep and dark,
While with one plunge they reach eternity
And find in all their aims they missed their mark.

EDWARD.

Hope with its gentle influence ever sheds
A radiance mild upon our earthly way
And will to better things the spirit lead
If we the impulse heedfully obey.
The wretch oppressed with care and deepest woe,
By hope sustained can yet endure one day,
But if this blessing he must quite forego
His light is quenched in gloom without a ray.

EVANGELIST.

Faith, Hope, and Charity, these three abide,
As in the Holy Book hath said St. Paul,
They by the Christian move as side by side,
But Charity, or Love, is greatest of them all.

Faith leads the soul restored again to God,
 From darkest doubt and error's deepest maze,
 It sets him first upon the heavenly road,
 And leads him onward all his happy days.
 Then Hope, well grounded, points to brighter sphere,
 And joined with faith still fortifies the soul,
 But faith and hope the Christian has but here,
 They only on him wait until he reach the goal.
 The first in sight is lost, the last in joy,
 While Love forevermore shall still remain,
 For God is Love, and this theme shall employ
 The tongues redeemed that swell the joyful strain.

MRS. SMITH.

Oh! how delightful heaven to us appears,
 Where all forever is but peace and bliss,
 The prospect brightens as the Christian nears
 His happy end, in such a world as this.
 Then all at once heaven bursts upon his gaze,
 With all its joys and everlasting praise.

EVANGELIST.

The things of earth are frail and pass away,
 Wealth, honor, pleasure, fame, whate'er we find,
 And even should they never know decay,
 They ne'er could satisfy immortal mind,
 The soul is made the infinite to reach
 Ethereal, subtile, boundless in its aim,

That still will live and still its power will stretch,
 Though all destroyed should perish Nature's frame,
 Not countless worlds could buy one human soul,
 Its price is infinite,—nor paid in vain
 Should lesser do, or part, and not the whole,
 The incarnate Son of God had ne'er been slain.
 Then Truth eternal shall the nations bless,
 True Virtue flourish till the world's o'erflowed,
 And Piety prevail till holiness,
 O'erspreads a world obedient to its God.
 Ungodly men shall perish from the earth,
 All crime and wickedness shall fade away
 Before that power celestial in its birth
 Diffusing still the glorious moral ray.
 The great Messiah shall in triumph stand
 Amid His saints in dazzling array,
 And all the saved in ours and every land,
 Shall with him reign in cloudless, endless day.
 Then let us now and ever prostrate fall
 Before His cross, in fervent faithful prayer,
 Imploring Him All-Wise to guide us all,
 That when He comes we may his glory share.

PART THIRD.

Scene in the city. Edward's House.

EDWARD.

How time rolls on, here I in married life,
Have all the world can give me to enjoy.
Of all my treasures, dearest is my wife,
My darling wife and precious little boy.
For she has ever been my greatest blessing,
So fair in form, so lovely in her ways,
That time has rolled its restless course unceasing,
Yet excellencies now still speak her praise.
Our life thus far has glided on so even,
I'm too much blessed beyond my utmost merits,
That I might dream a Paradise or heaven
Were here on earth, and not a world of spirits.
My little son with prattle and with glee
Runs bounding toward his father, shouts for joy,
Climbs up adventurous on parental knee,
And cries he is papa's and mamma's little boy.
Wealth and station too are mine in this city polite,
Friends are many and esteemed, oh! how very much,
They caress, visit, see me by day and oft by night,
And happy the man who is known of such.

MRS. SMITH.

My dearest ! tell me now what you do think upon,
 When musing thus amid the deepening shades,
 For you are pondering, happy though alone,
 Then let me know before the light quite fades.

EDWARD.

Oh, best of women ! I will not conceal
 The thoughts that now did all my mind pervade,
 But let you know the happiness I feel
 Long ere the light gives way to deepening shade ;
 In one word then I felt that I was blessed,
 You know the cause and thus you know the rest.

MRS SMITH.

'Tis from our Heavenly Father's bounteous hand
 That all these lavish blessings ceaseless flow ;
 'Tis His to grant and His to give command
 That all should cease and mortals grieve below.
 For heaven upon earth we cannot find,
 Our purest pleasures still must have alloy,
 This earth can't fill the soul nor yet the mind,
 The infinite we seek for sated joy.
 Then let our gratitude from faithful hearts
 At morn and even a sacrifice arise,
 And let us labor still to heal the smarts
 Of those who drew a blank instead of prize

Thousands within the bounds of this great city,
 Are weak or poor, or helpless, or are sick,
 Mankind neglect them, or for want of pity,
 Or sheer indifference ; thus their woes are thick.
 Mankind forget when God his favors showers,
 'Tis to dispense, alleviating pain,
 And God intends the utmost of our powers
 For good be spent that none may just complain.

Enter Nursery-Maid.

NURSERY-MAID.

Madam, excuse my haste, the child is ill,
 All sudden seized, and while engaged in play ;
 It seems like croup, but may not be, and still
 I thought to run at once, as he was well all day.

EDWARD.

Here, John, run call the doctor ! let him come
 With hottest haste and drive the carriage round ;
 And if he chance to be away from home,
 Then let another quickly here be found.
 My love ! let's go and see the boy at once,
 And try that the complaint may not advance.

(Enter Doctor.)

DOCTOR.

Where is the patient ? ah ! the case is serious,
 But hope the best, and we the best will do ;

But to be frank, such case is oft precarious,
 Though we all means must use, and quickly, too.
 I'll give this powder, which but seldom fails,
 Unless where too confirmed disease prevails.

EDWARD.

I like your frankness, doctor ; I had rather
 Know best and worse at once, without suspense.

MRS. SMITH.

A mother, though more timid than a father,
 Can bear as much, if so the Lord dispense.

DOCTOR.

I'm happy, madam, to assure you now,
 That all the danger suddenly has passed ;
 The powder was effectual, and I vow
 I'm overjoyed to find him safe at last;
 For we must own our art sometimes too poor,
 In cases sudden due relief to secure.

EDWARD.

We're grateful, doctor, for your prompt attention,
 As you must go, we wont detain you now ;
 We'll try to aid your views, and often mention
 Your great success ; *take this any how.*

(*Exit Doctor.*)

My dear, in this I learn a lesson new,
 One that has taught me more than all has done,
 How God in making the great Covenant new,
Did not withhold, but freely gave His Son.

(Enter Evangelist.)

EVANGELIST.

In coming here I heard the child was ill,
 But now I find the self-same child is well,
 The doctor carried out high Heaven's will,
 And gratitude does all our bosoms swell.
 My wife will soon be here ; we made a call
 To see a poor, sick dying saint to-night,
 Who never more may see us on this ball,
 Another sphere she'll see ere morning light.

(Enter Mrs. Evangelist.)

MRS. EVANGELIST.

I thought as coming here, what time has wrought
 Within a few brief years; what may be hence
 From now, was also somewhat in my thought,
 But all in care of gracious Providence.
 You all, like me are happy, I confess
 That holy wedlock though not free from sorrow,
 Has great advantages and much may bless
 True hearts that are content and hope can borrow.

For hope is friend to man in every state,
 And often cheers him in a low condition,
 Is uncontrolled in all our mortal fate,
 And unconfined by circumstance or station.

MRS. SMITH.

You still were hopeful, happy sister, you
 Are wont, as angel, hope still to inspire,
 You suit the sphere you move in, kind and true,
 You point the drooping to a courage higher.
 A higher hope, a better world than this,
 A hope in life and death, for rich and poor,
 The Christian hope so full of endless bliss,
 The due reward of faithful souls secure.
 Thus happy you do good by influence given
 From highest source and best that we can know,
 And labor souls to qualify for heaven,
 By faith and works made manifest below.

PHILADELPHIA.



A POEM.



Hail, Philadelphia! city of the free,
The patriot's heart will ever turn to thee;
From every land and country, every clime,
Till in th' eternal sea rolls the full tide of time.
In early youth, though far beyond the sea,
My ardent breast beat high with thought of thee,
As, marking careful th' historic page,—
The faithful record of thy infant age,—
I rapturous viewed the promise of thy spring,
Whose buds and blossoms the ripe fruit did bring,
That nations thrilled with ecstasy to see,
As fairest on the tree of liberty.
The Indian once roamed in thy happy shades,
Thy forests unsubdued, thy watery glades,—
Skimmed o'er thy rivers in his light canoe,
Thy noble Delaware and Schuylkill, too;
And, gliding swift in each romantic scene
That crowned the banks with living evergreen,

And formed festooned the ever cool arcade
 Where songsters warbled, darkling in the shade,
 And blooming flowers exhaled a sweet perfume
 From deep recesses and dark wooded gloom.
 Where scarce the sun could dart a single ray
 'Midst tangled thickets hidden to the day.
 The children of the forest loved to stray
 By Wissahickon, and the live long day
 Would witness in its scenes so grand and wild
 The untiring gambols of the savage child,
 While peals of laughter boisterous rang out
 And echo loved to spread each merry shout.
 The cheerful song the red man oft would raise,
 In cadence mournful oft would hum the praise
 Of some departed chief in battle slain—
 Lost to the tribe, ne'er to return again;
 In council sage no more to lift his voice
 Or lead in strife the warriors of his choice.
 The war-whoop fierce now gone he hears no more,
 Resting in death beside the lonely shore,
 Where dancing and the song for him must cease,
 And in commotion's self he rests in peace.
 When noble Penn appeared in peaceful guise,
 His gentle mien struck with a sweet surprise
 'Th' untuor'd red man, drawn by cords of love
 Towards this meek follower of the Lord above.
 Who, far from courts and pomp beheld the race
 As fellow men, and, having once found grace,

Was well content with man to take his share,
 And act with justice, when the same was rare.
 Oh! what a lesson to mankind was taught,
 Of dealing fair, and what a work was wrought
 By him, at once the father and the friend
 Of red men poor, rewarded in the end,
 When Pennsylvania yielded to his sway
 And willing hearts the master mind obey.
 Founder of that vast Commonwealth grown great,
 And destined to become the "Keystone State,"
 Whose rich resources, mines and ores are found
 In great profusion treasured, and abound
 In quantities so huge that no compute
 Can put the question quite beyond dispute,
 Or tell, how'er consumption's ratio tend,
 That nature's bounties e'er shall have an end,
 Or wealth exhausted, can be found no more,
 Howe'er her caverned depths we may explore.
 In Kensington the visitor may see
 The simple site where stood the "Treaty Tree"
 Where Penn, in equity, a compact made
 With Indians 'neath its pleasant, friendly shade,
 Which in this day all men should imitate,
 Who love fair justice, which is truly great.
 Penn rests in peace, the Indians are gone—
 The tree's no more, to mark the place, a stone—
 But that transaction stands in bold relief,
 And of the lessons taught this is the chief,

And shines as beacon from a holy hill,
 That Philadelphians act with justice still,
 And Pennsylvania ever shall have cause
 To love her Penn, her institutions, laws.
 Thus, when the colonies with large increase
 Grew great and potent, fostered by sweet peace,
 Development was here more rapid found
 Than in the sister colonies around.
 A happy people prospered ; arts were spread,
 And manufacture rose ; fair science led
 In Penn's loved city, proudly led the van,
 And Franklin gave the lightning to man
 For daily use, the message swift to send
 Around the sphere in circle without end,
 Through savage wilds and ocean's stormy flood
 The omniscient power—an attribute of God,
 And space and time to science forced to yield,
 Left man, tho' feeble, master of the field,
 Flash'd o'er th' obedient wire intelligence,
 That quick as thought bore messages from hence.
 Franklin "de cœlo fulmen eripuit," it is said,
 Which means the lightning from the sky he led
 To wrest the tyrant's rod, this, too, was his,
 By which is meant "sceptrumque tyrannis."
 A simple slab points out the resting place
 Of one, the lasting wonder of his race,
 Whose patent genius in his day was found,
 The wonder of the world, and still renowned ;

His name with pride will never be forgot,
 Though this is often but the common lot.
 City renowned! my steps with reverence fall,
 And wake thy echoes, Independence Hall,
 Where patriots met to dare the tyrant's frown,
 And pull oppression's stately fabric down ;
 Whose joyous bell rang forth the tidings grand—
 "Let liberty prevail throughout the land."
 And tyrant's power be in the dust laid low,
 Prostrate beneath the patriot's ready blow,
 Till freedom reigns unshackled o'er the world,
 And each oppressor in the dust is hurl'd.
 Oh! venerable pile, my thoughts in thee
 Were of thy sons, and of sweet liberty ;
 And it may be, I love thee even more
 Because my natal place was Erin's shore.
 Within thy sacred precincts I inspired
 That love of liberty which my heart fired,
 And sent me over many a bloody plain
 On which the nation's foes in heaps were slain,
 And ardent patriots for their country bled,
 Or fell no more to rise but from the dead,
 When power Divine awakes the scattered dust
 Of those who in the powerful Saviour trust.
 When in thy sacred precincts rose the tread
 Of armed men by ready patriots led,
 And all the Square was full of volunteers
 In arms, to dry away their country's tears,

And save the Union for posterity—
 My ardent heart beat high for liberty ;
 And, leaving home with all its objects dear,
 I followed far in freedom's bright career—
 Bled in the sacred cause and gave a sample
 Of such devotion as I found example
 In those who periled life the land to save,
 Alike prepared for victory or the grave.
 Within thy peaceful shade I linger still ;
 What thoughts sublime do yet my spirit fill—
 A nation disenthralled, the slave set free,
 And bondmen tasting sweets of liberty !—
 A nation happy, smiling through her tears,
 And loving hands to dry Columbia's tears,
 Which grant, kind Heaven, may never fall again ;
 For if they drop 'twill be like copious rain,
 Whose floods, as freshets, may sweep all away—
 The house, the home, the husbandman and hay,
 And with wide ruin, baleful and accursed
 Destroy each hope by the forefathers nursed—
 Uproot of liberty the sacred tree,
 And plunge the world in unknown misery.

Seven hundred thousand souls swell th' amount
 Of those who dwell within the common count ;
 Enlarged and vast the city seems to rise
 Upon the admiring view, and with surprise

The stranger sees the stately, solemn mien
Of denizens whose very gait, I ween,
Proclaims the sturdy, quiet, independent state
Impressed by days of old, and Penn, the great.
Thus, too, the merchant is both frank and free,
Upright and honest in his dealing ; he
Regards all subterfuge with haughty scorn,
And stooped to nothing mean since he was born.
Dissimulation he regards a vice—
With dealing fair he holds a fixed price,
And honorable, just, the bargain strikes
With candor, which the veriest stranger likes.
Thus reputation high each merchant gains,
A character he carefully sustains.
Precision strict prevails, e'en in the streets
So prim and neat—the one the other meets
At fair right angles, which the town divide—
With shaded walks by trees on every side,
While in the midst the rapid car rolls on,
By stately horses o'er the pavement drawn ;
Smooth on the iron rails it easy glides,
And passengers are borne by easy rides
On business, errands, pleasure, as may be,
And land at destined points, conveniently.

THE SONGSTRESS.



I wandered through the forest glade,
With pensive thought and aching head,
 And heart o'ercome with grief;
But as I sadly moved along,
A tuneful warbler raised the song,
The thick green foliage all among,
 And brought a sweet relief.
So full of melody each note—
So sweet it trilled from tuneful throat
 And filled my ravished ear,
I paused, and in deep silence stood
Alone amid the lonely wood,
While music poured its ceaseless flood
 And made me breathless hear.
The simple, sweet, and tuneful lay,
That moved my heart so potently
 Was from a gentle bird;
Whose early efforts seemed to raise
Its song in the Creator's praise,
 The sweetest notes e'er heard.

And, as I lingered near the spot,
 My spirit soothed, my grief forgot,
 I longed the bird to see ;
 And, turning round soon chanced to spy
 The elder bird on wing pass by
 And perch upon a tree.
 With quickening pulse and moving near
 I held my breath with very fear
 The young bird should have flown ;
 But, quickly to my sweet surprise
 It rose to my admiring eyes
 And higher perched alone.
 Then I beheld its beauty fair,
 Admiring gazed on plumage rare,
 And marked its every grace ;
 Its lovely head and brilliant eye,
 Its feathers of a varied dye,
 Most beauteous of its race.
 My wandering steps I then turned home,
 But often to the grove did roam
 Again to hear the song ;
 My moody mind was purified,
 My spirit cheered what might might betide,
 My weakness was made strong.
 The bird I loved, of cheerful lay,
 And lovely form, and plumage gay,
 Whose notes my spirit charmed,

It saw me oft and tamer grew.
Nor would its airy flight pursue
 For fear it should be harmed ;
Now Heaven the pretty bird defend,
And may it never want a friend,
 Or fall into a snare ;
And as in time it finds a mate,
May bliss and happiness await
The comforts of the pairing state,
 So oft a state of care.

TO JAMES LONG, Esq.



Through Kensington I passed the other day,
And 'mid the scenes that met my onward way,
Your spacious factory loomed up right in view,
And while I mused my thoughts recurred to you.
While busy hands industriously engage,
My brain conceives what well may fill a page,
Nor does the rapid shuttle quicker run
Than works my mind when musing is begun.
My thought a web more subtle far can weave,
Than any looms your noisy factories have,
Nor can your engine far exceed in power
My active force, though creature of an hour ;
And when your works and webs consume in dust
To wear a costlier fabric is my trust ;
Yea, while your house and warehouse perish too,
A more enduring scene waits me and you.
'That I myself put first is the first time,
You'd be preferred as just, but for my rhyme ;
But poets, all concede, may well make free,
And use yourself or friends, James, Kent, Santee,

Whose spacious store, well stocked, is very ample,
Themselves of courtesy a pleasing sample,
And which invites the South and Western trade
To purchase in our mart, where money's made;
For Freedley proves that buyer here can find
At lower price, the goods to suit his mind.
But, as I said, while thinking much of you,
My memory told me of a friend most true;
Of one whose prosperous days had higher aim
Than wealth or honors, or than worldly fame,
Which forward looked, in blessing to mankind,
The cause to aid that disenthral the mind;
That leads the weary wanderer back to God,
And sets his feet upon the heavenly road.
And, as I thought on this, the prayer went forth
That all might full appreciate the worth,
Which, with no stinted hand, doth still dispense,
Its thousands in the true beneficence
That builds the temple to Jehovah's praise,
And ready helps the glorious work of grace.
To such on earth be every blessing given,
And may it meet a due reward in heaven !

SUGGESTED BY ROTHERMEL'S GREAT PAINTING

OF THE

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.



When great Æneas waited for the queen,
The lovely queen of Carthage, he surveys
A painting of the sad and mournful scene
Which ended in Troy's city on a blaze.

And exile, wandering from his native land,
By sea and land tempestuously tossed,
His "mind he feeds" upon the painting grand,
And groaning, wept—for all the joys he lost.

Thus, widowed mother and the orphan child
With grief renewed, and heaving chests that tell
The inward woe, distracted grow and wild,
Gazing on this sad scene portrayed by Rothermel!

The soldier with one arm, without a limb,
His health destroyed and ruined all for life,
Dashes the tears away that all bedim
His weeping eyes, beholding this dread strife.

He hears again the dread artillery boom,
 The crash explosive, and the lightning flash
 Gleams vivid o'er some fallen comrade's tomb,
 While muskets rattle, and on cavalry dash.

Deafening the din—confusion rules the hour—
 Encountering legions close in fiendish yells,
 Rush on like demons steady, firm ; what power
 Command's voice has, as 'mid the din it swells !

No pen or pencil ever yet portrayed
 The dreadful scene of one sad carnage-day ;
 Something was left unsaid or cast in shade—
 Nought could express death's scene of revelry.

Two days mine eyes this battle fierce beheld ;
 Two days its dangers and dire havoc saw,
 And hope, at one time, nearly was expelled,
 While swarming foes around our small force draw.

The town, the field, the pleasant summer sun,
 In scorching rays, the gathering of the host,
 Will haunt me still until my course is run—
 The third great day would see us saved or lost.

Illustrious conquering chief ! what care was thine ?
 What deep anxiety within thy breast ?
 Watching the foe, and trying to divine
 What course he might pursue—broke all thy rest.

Thy lofty brow was stern—the hand I've pressed
 In nervous energy grasped firm the sword ;
 One hundred thousand men at thy behest
 Waited thy nod, and caught thy lightest word.

Thy muscles were of steel, thy courage high ;
 No faltering now—and, at thy iron will,
 Resolved to conquer, or resolved to die,
 Thy troops thy sage commands at once fulfill.

No human foresight could th' event presage,
 Thy enemy was strong, matched equally,
 The lines are formed, the combatants engage,
 And Meade in conflict stern contends with Lee !

What might the issue be?—brave captains led
 With ready skill the hosts at thy command,
 And balanced equal in the foe they read,
 In officers and men courage as high and grand.

Oh, mighty chief! thine was this bloody field,
 On this thou didst the valiant foe defeat ;
 Thine was the victory, but if he did yield,
 The grand result, dear bought, was far from sweet.

How sad this glorious victory on our soil,
 How joy and sorrow mingled in the cup!
 What loss of life and limb in battle-broil!
 And yet the foe was gone, and blasted his high
 hope.

Thy name revered, our children all shall know,
And so forever thy illustrious glory,
Shall, all-pervading, through the nation flow,
Till latest time shall learn th' heroic story.

And so, farewell!—nor mine the power to sing
Thy matchless deeds and well-deserved renown
Some lofty bard will soar on stronger wing,
And in immortal song set all thy praises down.

TO GENERAL THOS. J. JORDAN.



No hero more valiant was ever in war,
None more worthily wore th' ennobling star;
No troops fought more bravely the country to save,
Many men of your regiment are cold in the grave.

I've served under Sherman, Kilpatrick, and Meade,
O'er the sanguinous field often driven my steed,
As you very well know, 'midst all dangers have been,
Though I carried a lancet, and wore sash of green.

Ere we met, you know where, the trumpet of fame,
Through many a State had re-echoed your name;
When we met, on your laurels you rested awhile,
Retaining the field from your camp scarce a mile.

Your kindly reception I'll never forget,
The tear-drop distills from my eye-lashes yet,
As a courteous welcome you on me bestowed,
And carefully read the commission I showed.

You often have told me, your heart to me warmed,
Have spoken the words that my heart often charmed,
On march or in battle together we'd ride,
And my pleasure was still to be near by your side.

Thrice my name on the roll of high honor you placed,
 And in the State's history 'tis read uneffaced ;
 When wounded, and faint, in one active affair,
 You praised, and consoled, and bore me with care.

Your converse was pleasant—I think of it still ;
 The days we have spent in dreams return till,
 Each scene is renewed in which we both shared,
 With our valiant compatriots to whom life is spared.

You have hung up your sword, are resting in peace,
 May your happiness flow and never to cease ;
 All pleasure attend you as onward you go,
 And friendship most true may you happily know.

God bless you Commander!—to all of us dear,
 Who shared in your dangers and brilliant career ;
 The few that are left feel as when we last met—
 God prosper you still!—we cannot forget.

When your victories are o'er, and marching is done—
 When life's last pulse has ceased, and victory is won,
 May you, and may I, and may each of our band,
 Join our conquering Messiah in heavenly land !

MY MOTHER.



You tenderly have watched my early years,
And for me oft have had both hopes and fears ;
You all my ways guarded with pious care,
And for me offered many a fervent prayer.

I'm growing gray, and ocean rolls between,
And children father calling me are seen,
But time and change have left my love the same—
It burns, dear mother ! still with constant flame,
And will, till you and I with father join above,
And brother, sisters, friends,—where all is *love*.



THE WANING YEAR.



Father in Heaven ! the year is almost gone—

A year of pain, and toil, and weary care,
Which Thou dost know, and only Thou alone
Who read my heart and saw my failings there.

Oh ! how I doubted in temptation's hour !

How oft I wandered from the living God !
Nor sought the strength to aid my failing power—
And marched but slow along the heavenly road.

If lust, or pride, or dark revenge, or sin,
 Defiled my soul and hid Thee from mine eyes,
 May I, if spared, another year begin
 With better hopes, still aiming at the skies.

For all sins past I never can atone,
 I guilty am, and for forgiveness pray ;
 In Christ is all my claim, in Him alone—
 Oh, God ! wash all my guilt and sin away.

And, pardoned, may I seek my all in Thee—
 The Infinite, All-Perfect, Good and Wise ;
 Still may I clearer Thy perfections see,
 And to my living Head more closely rise !

Accept my gratitude, for me and mine,
 My grateful offering for mercies past !
 Still let thy light upon our pathway shine,
 Oh, save from sin ! and save us at the last,—
 Redeemed and safely housed above to share
 The endless glory of believers there.

THE BOX.



Mechanic one day was making a box,
As the process went on, "I watched like a fox,"
And, musing, indited the following piece,
But little inferior to poets of Greece;
Who all wrote in an age when the undertaker
Had business enough, but not so the box-maker;
For Homer, I think, makes no mention at all,
And the poets that followed did only recall
What tradition disclosed of fair Pandora's box,
Whose effects were so fatal the senses it shocks,
And was baleful to man and of malice the gift,
And opened, all evils escaped; there was left
At the bottom, which only with all these could cope,
And ease man of his labors, tenacious Hope.
True, in early ages some boxes were made,
But 'twas not, as now, considered a trade.
My invention, I think, you here may behold,
Which no one conceived late, or in days of old.
When parties contend and words come to knocks,
One lifts up his fist—gives the other a box;
And, boxing they stand, or boxing they fall,
And he that plants most is the greatest of all.
Which the ancients at games, did as now hold a sport,
To which few in our day of great merit resort;

